



## Let us all be UNHAPPY together:

*Written and composed by Mr. DIBDIN,*

FOR

His ENTERTAINMENT called The WAGS.

### I.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay,  
Alas! are the children of sorrow;  
And though brisk and merry to-day,  
We all may be wretched to-morrow;  
For sunshine's succeeded by rain,  
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,  
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,  
Let us all be unhappy together.

### II.

I grant the best blessing we know  
Is a friend—for true friendship's a treasure;  
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,  
Oh! taste not the dangerous pleasure.  
Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,  
Thus riches and health are a bubble;  
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,  
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

### III.

If a mortal wou'd point out that life  
That on earth cou'd be nearest to heaven,  
Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife  
To whom truth and honour are given:  
But honour and truth are so rare,  
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,  
That with all my respect to the fair,  
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

### IV.

It appears from these premises plain,  
That wisdom is nothing but folly,  
That pleasure's a term that means pain,  
And that joy is your true melancholy;  
That all those who laugh ought to cry,  
That 'tis fine brisk and fun to be grieving,  
And that since we must all of us die,  
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

Just published, Price 6d. plain, and 1s. coloured, the Patient Parson forgetting his Text, or the Hogs in the Ale-Cellar; Poil and my Partner Joe; Bachelors' Hall; the Greenwich Pensioner; Mrs. THRALE'S Three Warnings; and many other esteemed Songs and Pieces, by DIBDIN and others.

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